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SOUTH BEND, INDIANA, DECEMBER 17, 1913

PRESERVING THE TRADITIONS.

The republican national committee is at least consistent. It has arrogated to itself the authority to formulate plans of party reorganization which it was proposed should be left to a delegate convention.

This action conforms in body and spirit to the policy followed by the committee in the organization of the republican national convention which placed Mr. Taft in nomination for a second term. The rank and file of the party is denied the privilege of having a voice in at least the preliminary work and the traditions of the party for boss and machine rule are preserved.

Only fourteen out of forty-nine committeemen voted in favor of calling a special convention to decide upon proposed changes in representation and other matters pertaining to the rehabilitation of the party following its crushing defeat in the campaign of 1912. The other thirty-five stood pat on the party traditions and arbitrarily decided that the committee possesses all the powers necessary to do all that a special convention could do.

This settled the committee proceeded without a dissenting vote to make a change in the basis of representation in national conventions, recognizing the principle of the primary and transacted other business which republican sentiment has favored submitting to a convention.

True, the committee condescended to informally agree that the new basis of representation shall be submitted to referendum, but indifference was trusted to give whatever basis the committee may establish sufficient votes to ratify it.

A MALICIOUS STUNT.

Pres. Wilson can take a joke, but resents a slam. He enjoyed the hits of the Gridiron club, because they were harmless fun. They left no sting. But the Carabao club had another motive. There was malice in its stunts.

If the Carabao club thought it could get by with its reflections on the administration's policy toward the Philippines and its aspersions on the Filipinos under the guise of harmless satire it had another thing coming. It had neither the wit nor the tact to disguise its antagonism toward Pres. Wilson's self-government policy nor their hatred for the unfortunate people the United States is trying to befriend.

The feeling is one of shock at the temerity of officers of the army and navy of the United States in displaying hostility to a people whose welfare is at present dependent upon the friendly interest of Americans, who hope to place their wards in an independent position within a few years. The sentiment expressed by the chorus of the Carabao club song, "Damn, damn, damn the insurgents, crosseyed Kakiack lardones, Underneath the starry flag, civilize 'em with a Krag, And return us to our own beloved homes," is unworthy of any American citizen, much less an American soldier.

In a humane spirit the United States went to the extremity of war to free the Philippines from the galling yoke of Spain and give them the opportunities of civilization under the most favorable conditions consistent with their circumstances. The United States fought and drove off the oppressors of the Filipinos and has waged successful warfare against the enemies of their progress on their home islands. The redemption of a dependent and oppressive people was worth fighting for.

After what the United States has done it comes with bad grace from the very medium by which it was accomplished to belittle the performance and place obstacles in the way of the consummation of the work. The rebuke administered by the president in severing his association with the Carabao society was deserved.

A PROTEST FROM THE STAGE.

A protest has come from the stage against its defamation by the salacious plays that are now ruling the boards in New York and later will be distributed all over the country. The protest was voiced in the deep resonant tones of DeWolf Hopper.

It was to be expected of Hopper, but it was nonetheless splendid of him to do it. All the time he has stood for elevation. When the rage for comic opera was at its highest tide and managers were racking their brains to inject new vulgar suggestions into their productions Hopper turned to Charles Dickens and Gilbert and Sullivan for his material. Perhaps he suffered in purse from it, but his conscience was clear.

"What on earth are we coming to?" he demands. "You can't tell me the public wants that sort of stuff; that it wants its young women and boys and children to attend moral clinics of that sort." No, the public does not want that sort. If it does want them it should not have them. The stage has a moral responsibility to itself and to

the public and managers should beware how they tempt fate by violating it. The judgment may be slow, but it will surely fall.

Many people of good motives patronize these salacious plays because they have been persuaded by the cunning advertisements of managers and their own morbid curiosity to believe that they convey good moral lessons. Save the mark! As well might the innocent try to learn the principles of virtue in a brothel.

Managers and performers will be wise if they array themselves behind DeWolf Hopper's protest and use their examples and influence to stop the parade of nastiness in the guise of moral lessons. It will be more prudent than to await the revolt from the other side of the footlights.

FARM PRODUCTS PROTECTED.

However it may affect them individually our farmer readers will be deeply interested in the statement of the agricultural bureau that while the crop yields for 1913 were far less bountiful than a year ago the value of the crops raised is much greater than in 1912.

According to the final estimates for 1913 the value of all leading crops, based on their farm worth Dec. 1, was \$4,940,361,000 as against \$4,757,000,000 for 1912 on the same date and \$4,589,529,000 in 1911. The smaller crops as a rule the report says, brought much higher prices, while wheat values were a little ahead of last year, although the crop was larger.

Incidentally the shortage in the leading farm feed crops, corn, oats, and hay, is largely responsible for higher values for hogs, cattle and other livestock than otherwise would have prevailed. The result as a whole leaves the farmers as well off as they would have been with large crops and throws all the burden of loss on the consuming class.

This may be said to be in accordance with the immutable law of supply and demand, but is it equity? Is it fair that the consumer, on whom the producers depend for their market, should bear the whole burden of loss in order that the profits of the farm may not be impaired?

Obviously not, but what are you going to do about it, you consumers? You are utterly helpless. There are the goods and there are the prices. You haven't the choice to leave them or take them away. You must have them. They are the necessities of life. Consequently you must pay the price.

Isn't the moribund republican party making a good deal of fuss for a cadaver? What's all this about representation in presidential nominating conventions? There isn't going to be no nominating conventions after the primary bill passes.

New York, the unspeakable, has set an example for other cities by sending a man to prison for renting a building for immoral purposes. The easiest way to control the social evil is through the landlord.

The optimistic Mr. Hilles thinks the republicans have no reason for discouragement, but says they must seem to have some other object than to win. The idea is commendable, but hard to put over.

The king has been asked to interfere and save the life of Mrs. Pankhurst. A simpler process would be for Mrs. Pankhurst to eat the food set before her.

Nut and candy complaints are engaging the attention of pure food inspectors in the large cities. The temptation to adulterate appears to be irresistible.

A bill before congress will permit deposits of more than \$1,000 in postal savings banks, but that amount will be the maximum on which interest is paid.

The successful defense of Tampico by the federals may have been due to the fortifications erected there by the Americans during the Mexican war.

Currency reform won the first test vote in the senate. The result points the way to early enactment.

One might get the impression that Joe Tinker is the only shortstop in the business.

Satire is one thing, malice another. The Carabao does not seem to be able to distinguish between them.

Help the babies so they may help themselves and others.

The farmer comes out on top. Crops are short but prices are long.

IN WILHELM'S WINDOW

Mme. Gowan, of New York City, will give a demonstration of Furs in the window of Wilhelm's Ladies' Ready-to-Wear Store from 3 to 5 and 7 to 9 p. m. today. An elaborate display of wonderful reductions from regular prices will be shown. See the Furs on a living model. Wilhelm's, Cor. Michigan and Jefferson Sts.—Advt.

STATESMEN, REAL AND NEAR.

BY FRED C. KELLY.

WASHINGTON.—Sen. Robert L. Owen, chairman of the committee that has the new currency bill under its wing, got his first knowledge of money matters from common garden toads. Owen's mother had a beautiful Virginia garden, full of the prevailing modes in flowers and vegetables, but its usefulness was greatly impaired by the crowds of insects that fell into the habit of gathering on the plants there. So Owen's father generously offered to pay him one cent apiece for all toads that he might find alive and bring into the garden to operate on the insects. Young Owen was industrious and before he abandoned the task had enticed into the garden about a hundred capable young toads, which netted him \$1. That \$1 was the first he ever had in his own right.

Now, however, Owen is rich and knows about money at first hand. He organized the first national bank in Oklahoma—or Indian territory it was then—and was made its president. Then that honor had been conferred upon him, Owen asked the directors: "Why have you made me the president? I don't know anything about banking."

"And that's just the reason," replied one of the directors; "not knowing anything about banking, you won't be able to get all our money."

Although he now possesses an absurdly large amount of money, Owen is inordinately careless about currency in so far as it concerns himself. He never thinks of putting any money in his pocket before starting on a long journey, just as if money were a thing one could pick up at random anywhere.

For that reason he frequently finds himself in strange cities without even a street car ticket.

Some time ago he journeyed down to Florida. There he fell in with two or three pleasant acquaintances and he took them to a high priced little cafe in quest of food, gayly offering to pay the bill.

After all had devoured the menu, it suddenly occurred to Owen that he had exactly four cents in his pocket, which was no more than enough to tip the waiter.

But he excused himself long enough to run across to his hotel, and had no trouble at all looking the cashier in the eye and talking him into cashing a good-sized check.

The beauty of it all is, you see, that those who have money in the house part and can connect with the stuff in short notice with almost uncanny certainty.

The last time Uncle Joe Cannon was in Washington looking over the scenes of his former triumphs, he bumped into Frank T. O'Hair in a hotel lobby. It was the first time they had met since O'Hair beat him for congress, and O'Hair addressed his predecessor with much cordiality, but Uncle Joe did not warm up to the point of doing any slapping on the back.

"If there's anything I can do for you at any time, I hope you'll feel perfectly free to call on me," O'Hair told Uncle Joe.

"Thank you, but I'm not wanting anything," replied the former speaker of the house.

"I'm here to do things for the folk back home," went on O'Hair, "and I should really consider it an honor to be able to help you out on anything you want."

"There isn't a blanket-dashed-hyphenated thing I want," said Uncle Joe with quiet dignity.

"Well, then," exclaimed O'Hair, "I'm glad to see you all over again. So far as I can learn you're the only one of us who got who doesn't want something."

Rep. Daniel A. Driscoll of New York is an undertaker.

As he was walking from the office building over to the capitol the other morning, a little shoe-button-eyed panhandler approached him inquiring: "Mister, do you want to save a life?"

"Meaning, of course, would Driscoll stake him to the price of a drink which is the stuff that makes brutes of men."

"No indeed, I'm not in the life saving business," replied Driscoll, gayly: "I'm an undertaker."

"And the fellow thought Driscoll was making sport of him, whereas he was simply stating facts."

Sen. Goff, of West Virginia, has an old friend who works by the day in one of the coal mines in that state. The other day this man dropped into Washington and hunted up the senator to shake his hand.

"Yes, it's been a pretty steady grind," remarked the senator, speaking of his work here; "an extra session lasting seven or eight months isn't much fun."

"You get paid extra, though, of course?" suggested the miner.

"Oh, no, the salary is just the same, extra session or not."

"Wh-a-a-t!" exclaimed the miner, sympathetically: "you don't get any extra wages for overtime?"

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TOSH WISE Says:



"Pence Judson has nearly finished raising a pair of side-whiskers. Now all he needs is a diploma to be a doctor."

THE MELTING POT

COME! TAKE POTLUCK WITH US.

THE topic of the moment is the effort of the Carabao club of Washington to be funny at the expense of a great humane enterprise. We opine that by this time the mistake has penetrated the ivory of the club's head.

IT seems unnecessary for the hens to organize a union in order to maintain a daily wage of four cents, assuming that each hen lays an egg a day. The middleman can be trusted to attend to that and to get the lion's share of the hen's earnings.

At the same time it is hard to conceive that so perfect a product can be put on the market at so low a cost.

The Years For Publicity.

(Lafayette Journal.)
It's easy to talk of our courage
And how through our lives its ex-
tends;
It's easy to speak with conviction
Of what we will do for our friends.

But it's easy to talk of their errors.
And censure mistakes with a frown:
And we want all the public to know it
If we fight for a friend when he's
down!

—N. P. JONES.

AN inquiry, we believe, has never been instituted to ascertain who put the hel in brothel.

SIR: We are utilizing the expedient of spelling our conversations at the table when the kid is present, but we are not sure the older kid next door is not putting him wise.

—J. L. G.

Reducing the H. C. of L.

(LaCygne, Kan. Record.)
The leaves of all the trees falling in the creek have caused many fish to die. This is the first time we ever heard of such a thing.

MR. TAFT has now reduced his weight to 271 pounds and eight ounces. The eight ounces, we presume, represent his daily diet.

The Hectic Weather Editor.

(Lafayette Herald.)
Oh, say, isn't this weather fine? Did you ever see anything nicer in December? Talk about Santa Claus and Christmas! Why, it beats old Santa all hollow. He isn't in it with

SECOND YEAR OF MARRIED LIFE.

BY MABEL HERBERT URNER.

Helen's father, Dr. Allen, had met them at the station with the surly and old Topsy. They were due at 6:30, but the train was almost an hour late. So it was dark when they drove through the quiet streets.

Over everything was the sultry language of a spring night in a small village. The wide tree-arched streets, the twinkling lights from the houses set far back in the yards, the faint fragrance from an occasional flower bed on the moist night air, even to the sound of old Topsy's hoofs and the creaking surrey, had a charm of its own.

Topsy herself turned in at a well-known gate and drove up to the side porch. A stream of light came from the sitting room where Aunt Mollie threw open as she ran out to meet them, while Rover rushed up leaping and barking joyously.

"Tom's gone off, so I'll have to put Topsy up myself," said her father as he led the horse back to the stable, while the others went on into the sitting room.

Aunt Mollie was exclaiming over Winifred. "Why, Helen, she's beautiful! Look at her big eyes! And look at the dimple when she laughs. Why, she is much prettier than the pictures you sent us."

"Oh, those pictures were just snap shots, Warren took."

"And how is Warren?" inquired her aunt. "Your father and I didn't think he'd let you come. But I suppose he'll soon be coming after you."

"No," Helen answered after a slight pause. "I'm afraid he is too busy for that."

"But, Helen, you're thinner and so pale," Aunt Mollie gazed at her anxiously as she helped her off with her wraps.

"Haven't you been well?"

"Why, yes, I've been fairly well. But you don't expect a married woman to be as blooming as a young girl, do you?"

"Of course I do. After two years of marriage a woman should be in her prime. But we mustn't stay talking here. Supper's been ready so long. I'm afraid it won't be fit to eat."

"Elizabeth," to Helen's mother, "you look all fagged out."

"Yes, the trip was pretty hard on mother," answered Helen.

"Well, you'll all feel better when you've had some supper. Come right on out; it's on the table now."

"And here's Martha," Helen shook hands with her cordially. Martha had been the "hired girl" in their family for many years and was devoted to them all.

Dr. Allen, having put up Topsy, came in now and they all sat down to supper. He bowed his head and repeated the few simple words of grace that he had used ever since Helen was a little girl.

Had it not been for Winifred beside her she could almost have imagined that she was a little girl again; for everything was the same. The same china, the same silver, the same center of the table, even the same silver-plated napkin ring on the spread wings of a bird was before her plate.

"Why, mother, my old napkin ring!" turning over to where "Helen" was engraved on the side.

"Yes, Aunt Mollie's been using that. Her horn one got broken."

"No, no, father, only one piece of chicken," as Dr. Allen helped her to both the breast and a short leg from a heaped up plate of fried chicken before him.

"Martha has made your favorite cream gravy," smiled her mother. "You remember how you used to love that over your bread?"

Helen laughed. "I don't think I've had anything as good as Martha's cream gravy since I left home."

Martha, who had just come in from the kitchen, beamed with pride. "And salt-raising bread and quince jelly and stewed blackberries! These are the things I miss so much in New York. They don't seem to have the stewed fruits and jellies and preserves at every meal as you do here. Oh,

the weather, when it comes to present-making. What a gift such temperature is! It mollifies the clothes bill, the coal bill and other bills. It is, truthfully, in favor of the shorn lamb. It causes one to be gay and happy and contented. No snow, no ice, no cold blasts, no runaway horses and sleighs to interrupt one's movements or mar his or her happiness. How thoughtful the weather man is! How considerate! How kind! How good! Of course the credit is not all due to him. He is simply obeying higher authority. Truly God is good to Israel," the Bible says; but here's a case where we may be permitted to substitute the United States for Israel.

BUT the reformer will tell you that the advance in the price of cigarettes does not increase the cost of living. It makes dying more expensive.

In Vaudeville, Probably.

(Kalamazoo Telegraph-Press.)
What has become of the old-fashioned girl who used to raise goose pimples on the back of the audience by reciting "Curfew Shall Not Ring Tonight?"

MODELS of the 1914 waterwagon are now being exhibited. It is a little easier to mount, which prospective passengers will regard as a convenience, but we surmise they will not approve the device to strap them on.

With a View of the Parlor?

(Terre Haute Tribune.)
Two notable additions at the library this week are translation of J. Henri Fabre's "The Life of the Spider" and "The Life of the Fly," with which are interspersed some chapters of autobiography.

SYMPOMS of an intent on the part of your wife to give you a pair of slippers for Christmas should be checked firmly and as kindly as circumstances will permit. The obligation of such a gift carries the obligation to stay home nights and wear them.

IT is said a woman can jump only 62 per cent of the distance a man can jump, but it should be remembered that she jumps twice to his once.

THERE is no time like the present; in fact, there is no time but the present.

WHICH seems to create an emergency.

—C. N. F.

THE FIRST EVENING OF HELEN'S VISIT TO HER OLD HOME IN CARTERSTOWN.

BY MABEL HERBERT URNER.

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BRALEY'S POEM TODAY



THE MOUTH-WATERING PLACE.
The candy shops certainly highly attractive;
I gaze in its window each day,
And wish with a wisher decidedly active
To sample the wares on display;
A fruiterer's window is "quite prepossessing,"
With grapes and with apples galore,
But best of them all is the Delicatessen Store!

One gazes with glee on delectable salads
And roasts that are luscious and red;
On pickles and cheese that are worthy of ballads
And beautiful caraway bread;
To know what to buy keeps you "planning and guessing,"
You want to get things by the score
For tempting, indeed, is the Delicatessen Store!

Now some of us hanker for riches enormous,
For autos and aeroplanes and such,
For houses to shelter and furs just to warm us,
But those don't appeal to me, much;
If I had my wish there'd be only one "blessing,"
One single rich gift I'd implore;
I'd think myself rich were I only "possessing"
A Delicatessen Store!
—BERTON BRALEY.

Christmas Gift Suggestions

Mme. Gowan of New York will give a model Demonstration

In Our Window

From 3 to 5 and 7 to 9 P. M. Daily.

Coats and Furs Shown at Wonderful

Reductions.

Wilhelm's

CORNER MICHIGAN & JEFFERSON.

The Recollection of the Convenience of Electric Cooking

remains long after the price is forgotten

ELECTRIC HOT PLATE